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Foundations of College Writing – Dr. Sherry

April 22, 2015

“Go Confidently in the Direction of Your Dreams”

One night when my family had takeout Chinese for dinner, the fortune cookie I had opened after my meal had read “Go confidently in the direction of your dreams,” which sums up perfectly what I think it means to be educated. I believe that anyone can achieve anything as long as they have the confidence and faith in themselves that they are capable. Throughout my childhood and high school, I could never find one thing that I would want to do with my life for more than a few weeks, and I began to lose confidence that I would be happy when I was older because I would have to settle into a profession that I wasn’t too interested in. Now that I’m in college and I’m on track to be doing something that I have a passion for, I am gaining confidence that I will be able to achieve anything that I want because I am capable of doing so.

When I decided to go to Bloomsburg University to earn a Bachelor’s degree in psychology, it was not because of the program they offered (I knew nothing about the program), but because I would be far enough away from home to feel like I am making my own decisions. One morning before homeroom during my senior year in high school Morgan and Mara, two of my friends, asked me if I wanted to go with them to Bloomsburg University’s college presentation where a representative from the school comes to describe the university and to making it enticing so that students apply. I figured I would go because I would get to skip my math class and I still hadn’t applied to any colleges in the middle of October. There were schools that I had in mind to go to, but they were either too expensive or too far away for someone who didn’t really know what they wanted to do with their life yet, and it would be a waste of time and money.

As the woman, who I believe worked in admissions, talked about Bloomsburg and its campus during the presentation, the idea of attending the school had a lot of perks. It was only an hour away from my hometown, so I would be far enough to feel independent, but close enough to go home if I ever needed to. It wasn’t expensive compared to other state schools either, so I wouldn’t have to worry too much about money being wasted if my experience there wasn’t the best. Also, Mara and Morgan were set on going to this school and offered to live in a tripled dorm together, so I wouldn’t be paired with someone I didn’t know.

A few weeks later, I applied to Bloomsburg and receive a letter of acceptance in the following three weeks. I chose to major in psychology because I liked it enough in high school, and it would also probably impress my parents if I went into such a field. I didn’t know what I wanted to be yet, but I figured out I would find out along the way. I also had a minor planned out, French, because I had taken four years of it in high school and I thought it would be easy for me to pick up. At this point in time, I was more excited about leaving home than getting an education, because all I ever heard from my parents was that I was going to college because my four older siblings never completed college. I just wanted to be away from that pressure to sort out my own thoughts.

Halfway through my second semester in college, I have already dropped psychology and switched my major to French. Towards the end of March, I received an email from Dr. Cornelius, my French professor, asking me if I would consider adding French as a major or a minor, due to “how advanced my skills were in the class.” My heart nearly jumped out of my chest as I was reading, I was so flattered that she thought so highly of me. During my first semester, I found myself not as interested as I thought I would be in my psychology 101 class. I don’t know what it was, but the idea of continuing on to get a degree and have a career in the field was no longer as appealing as it once was to me when I was daydreaming in high school. I didn’t change my major then because there was nothing else I could think of at the time that I would want to major in. But French, something I have loved ever since I had started it, was definitely the one to replace it.

I had a meeting with Dr. Cornelius a few days later, and she helped me planned out the courses I would take for the major so that I could graduate in six semesters from now. It was hard to keep a smile off of my face during the meeting or when I left the registrar’s office after officially changing my major, because I could see myself happy in the future with a degree in French.

There are a few career options that I might want to do after all of my schooling is finished; interpreting, teaching, or translating. I do not know which one I will choose, or if I will choose to do all of them at some point in my life, but with each one I can see myself happy in that career, which I think is the most important. I imagine that my first day of work would be one of the most exciting days of my life, as I will finally be able to apply my knowledge to help people around me. Hopefully one day I can help someone else believe that they are capable of achieving their dreams because I could.